

Nas

"You Got to Love It"

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Az] This is what they want
[Nas] What you say?
[Az] This is what they want
[Nas] Can't hear you man
[Az] This is what they want
[Nas] Speak the fuck up...What!

Nastradamus skama lit
Know when I wreck
Flow when I'm set
I got the chips to make a lotus my whip
Gold on my neck was once a code of respect
For highrollers and becks now its those of braguettes
Prefer a mack 10 over a tech
No matter sober or wet, I smack soldier conducts
Trees it might've jacked my hype back
Famous phrase "nigga light that"
Hoes that you fuck asking where your ice at
Dun, its all about playboys when we were young
Could only get tongue, then finally we could cum
Bustin hoes, gazzling 4-0's
Crack blitz in 86, you turned hustling pro
>From bottles to holding seven in your hand
To pay debts, to get to the crack, unscrew the can
Gleam blunted hundred sack embowed with a seam on
it
We got it if the fiends want it
The whole block singing the same theme "dawn it"
Fuck it too many crabs in a bucket
If its icework, I'm gonna chuck it
Fuck it, you gotta love it

Chorus:

[Az] This is what they want
[Nas] Fuck it! You gotta love it
Repeat 3 times

Some girls get emotional, fanatic extremis
Compulsive with malice incentives
The foulest of bitches, hung on my riches, her childish
wishes

Be suspicious, of those sleeping with fishes
Them hoes, conspicuous and it shows
Tricking his doe, kicking his flow, slipping you fold
So when your clique roll, I let my clips go, niggas on
opposite poles
I got that confidence sewed, for those locked in a hole
In humane living hostile opposed, to live on the streets
Proper from my top to my toes, aeropostale my clothes
Burning niggas in suburbans with liquor
Prosperous foes, finicky foul niggas
See niggas and blacks there goes a loud difference
Coke sniffing, tapping 13 year old chickens
You can't be a kingpin when you snitching
Regardless, we still make you a target
We shoot you in jail, chrome objects hit you in your own
projects
It's street economics, this rhyme was edited, credited,
thru ebonics
Miserable cats, hunger paining
Get off your ass stop complaining
My crew be in Montego Bay migrating
Marinating while you home waiting your arraignment
This thuglife you claimed it, I made millions of
entertainment
Now back in the hood certains cats, they wanna kill me
They icegrill me, but on the low they feel me
You gotta love it.

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